

THE TROY HERALD.

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TROY, N. Y., MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1905.

A Negro Prophetess in North Carolina.

The Wilmington (N. C.) Evening Post says: About a mile above Brown Marsh—a station on the Carolina Central Railway—about forty miles from this city—and about two hundred yards to the left of this railroad track, can be seen the "Sanctuary of Tena." Just here we think it would not be out of place to give as much of a description of the strange being's history as our inquiries could elicit: "Tena the God," is a negress, apparently about fifty years of age, with a head of perfectly white hair. There is nothing about her person or features, with the exception of her hair, that would particularly strike one, and she does not differ from most colored people in appearance. Tena, we learn, was originally from Wilmington, and a member of the Front street Methodist Church of this city while under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Bobbitt. She was very demonstrative and noisy during the services in the church, and very often would run out and climb up a tree in front of the edifice, and there make the most horrible noise imaginable. Finally, on account of her noisy manner and repeatedly annoying the congregation, she was excommunicated, and this closed her connection with the Methodists. We failed to learn of her whereabouts from that time until the fall of 1883, when she resided at Brown Marsh, where she has resided ever since. Upon her arrival there she immediately commenced to establish a "church" of her own among the colored people, but did not succeed very well until the close of the war, when she pushed her work with renewed vigor, until she has now about sixty persons in her band.

The "prophetess" declares herself "God," and asserts that she can foresee and foretell any and everything that is to be, and makes the band worship and respect her as such. The "sanctuary" is a rude log cabin containing one room, built in the commonest way imaginable, and in very many places the clay which is used to stop the space between the logs has fallen out, and by that means only can a circulation of air be obtained, as there are no windows in the room. Nearing the "sanctuary" in front, from the railroad track, the first thing that strikes the eye of an observer is a couple of poles, about forty feet high and about eight feet apart, each with a man's shirt hanging on it; the shirts are made of common, unbleached homespun. On entering the enclosure one would be struck with the cleanliness of the yard; not a stick or even a pine straw is allowed to remain in the yard, as it would be considered an ill omen if perchance it should remain in the enclosure a half hour unobserved. Immediately in front of the gate, and about half way between the fence and the "sanctuary," is a small pen about ten feet square, and in the middle of the pen is a block, the seat of the "God." This pen is termed by them the "slugging-house." Here they all huddle up together, and dance and sing something that would remind one of an Indian war-song. Proceeding around the left corner of the "sanctuary," the next thing to observe will be a peculiarly-shaped clay-hole, about nineteen feet long and two and a half feet deep, half full of muddy clay water. Our searching inquiries failed to elicit the technical name for the clay-hole. In this clay-hole each one of the band goes, makes a clay ball about two inches in diameter, and places it on the edge of the bank to dry and become hard. Following our guide around the house to the back door, we noticed four poles placed in the ground, forming a square, about three feet from the door. On each one of these poles there is a covering for the head, two bonnets and two hats. Around these poles the band dances on certain days (supposed to be holy days of the band). "Tena the God" has two seats of honor during prayers—one in the fireplace and the other in the bed. She invariably sits in the fireplace during the services, and her followers kneel prostrate on the floor. They are known throughout the country as the "Tena Band." They have their day of atonement, and on this occasion the "God" offers up herself as a sacrifice for the sins of the followers. During this portion of the ceremonies for the day she sits in the fireplace and throws ashes over herself, then walks over, stepping on every one of her followers, who are lying on the ground, face down, to "wash out their sins." The band obey her, and perform every one of the dogmas of Tena scrupulously, as it is part of their religion and faith. The band is sometimes on the railroad, sweeping the track and ties, and on every Wednesday each and every one is required to visit and carry the "God" a small basket of provisions. Any who fail to comply with the requirements are punished. The "God" is very profane, and is held in fear and trembling by the colored people of the neighborhood, though, however, they do not fear that she will hurt them by doing them an injury by physical strength, but by "conjuring, putting mouth on them, or guffering them." The band has been in operation for the past eight years, and by its earnings succeeded in building a shed in which to "worship." The authorities refused to let them use the shed for that purpose some twelve or eighteen months ago, on account of the bad effect it had on the colored people, who were disposed to credit Tena's assertions.

Wood and Straw Paper Making in France.

The improved processes of making paper from wood, straw, and various grasses, as practiced in France, now enables the manufacturers to recover eighty-five per cent. of the caustic alkali, used in the reduction of the raw material into pulp. This is a very important economy. In order to convert wood into pulp, a strong solution of the alkali is necessary. One pound of carbonate of soda is required to produce four pounds of pulp. By steeping the wood or straw in the alkali solution, the resinous and other gummy matters are separated from the fibers of the material, and become mixed with the solution. To regain the soda for re-use is now the object of the manufacturer. This is done by evaporating the water by heat, then charring the resulting mass, which yields carbonate of soda, then converting the latter into caustic soda.

The evaporation is effected by passing the products of combustion from the fire which heats the alkaline solution through the liquid which is to be evaporated. For this purpose the liquid is thrown up in the form of thin spray, by paddle wheels. Twelve and a half pounds of the solution, it is stated, are evaporated for each pound of coal consumed. The carbonate of soda is then subjected to long continued washing in a peculiar apparatus until it is fit for burning, and at last eighty-five per cent. of the original quantity of the alkali is recovered. The former methods only permitted the recovery of from fifty to sixty per cent. of the alkali.

Sleeping in a Cold Room.

Hall's Journal of Health says that cold bed-chambers always imperil health and invite fatal diseases. Robust persons may safely sleep in a temperature of forty or under, but the old, the infant and the frail should never sleep in a room where the atmosphere is much under fifty degrees Fahrenheit. All know the danger of going direct into the cold from a very warm room. Very few rooms, churches, theaters and the like, are ever warmer than seventy degrees. If it is freezing out of doors it is thirty degrees—the difference being forty degrees more. Persons will be chilled by such a change in ten minutes, although they may be actively walking. But to lie still in bed, nothing to promote the circulation, and breathe for hours an atmosphere of forty and even fifty degrees, when the lungs are always at ninety-eight, is too great a change. Many persons wake up in the morning with inflammation of the lungs who went to bed well, and are surprised that this should be the case. The cause may often be found in sleeping in a room the window of which had been foolishly hoisted for ventilation. The water-cure journals of the country have done an incalculable injury by the blind and indiscriminate advice of hoisting the window at night. The rule should be everywhere during the part of the year when fires are kept burning to avoid hoisting outside windows. It is safer and better to leave the chamber door open, as also the fire-place; then there is a draft up the chimney, while the room is not so likely to become cold. If there is some fire in the room all night the window may be opened an inch. It is safer to sleep in a bed all night with a temperature over fifty, than in a pure air with a temperature under forty. The bad air may sicken you but cannot kill you; the cold air can and does kill very often.

Remarkable Providence.

Among the victims of the yellow fever at Memphis, Oct. 6, was the Rev. F. H. Bowman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who died at his post of duty praying with and administering to the wants of the sick. As his congregation was temporarily scattered, it was deemed best to defer any memorial services in his church, and his burial was attended quietly by friends and brother ministers. The Memphis Presbyterian, after stating these facts more in detail, adds what it truly calls a singular coincidence and most remarkable Providence: "At the very hour appointed for the services, and while the friends were around the graves, from some mysterious and unaccountable cause the whole ceiling of the church, in which it had at first been determined to hold the services, with all the upholding timbers, except a small portion upon the floor beneath, just where the congregation would have been gathered, if the first plan relative to the services had not been changed. It is fearful to look upon the crushed pews and the holes broken through the floor itself, and think of the terrible calamity which would have resulted, if the services had not been postponed. Scores and perhaps hundreds of lives would have been sacrificed, and a much deeper shade of gloom would have overshadowed our stricken city. Surely our First Church is sorely afflicted. Its beloved pastor laid in the grave, and its beautiful house of worship in ruins, in one short hour."

Pennsylvania Barns.

Mr. W. C. Croft, editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, has been taking a stroll East, and thus discourses of the barns he saw there: "May I jump from the footlights to the farm—from Chicago to Pennsylvania? In Chester and Lancaster counties, I think, is the most finished farming in the Union. The farms, composed of a bricklust sort of soil, are cultivated from fence to fence, every road, as the farms of Flemings and of Britains are cultivated from hedge to hedge. Cattle stand with their four feet in two feet of clover. Every field is a park. Every barn is a cow palace. Every pigpen a porcine paradise. Pennsylvania is pre-eminently the State of barns. Think of a three-story stone barn, with a swell front, and dormer windows in the roof, and a luxurious portico where the Sybaritic calves chew the cud of sweet contentment on summer evenings! And then behold the little cabin in the rear, where the agricultural Dutchman lives with his 'frow,' and where the children lie on the floor and envy the happy calves in the lattice portico. Every barn is three times as large as the house, which serves as a sort of appendage, and, as it were, plays second fiddle to it. The barn is headquarters, and the house a sort of sentry-box, where the man resides who takes care of it. The barn is slated, painted, d. corniced, e. gilded, lightning-rodged, and the pig-sty is glazed, the chicken-coops are painted, and the worm-fences whitewashed as far as you can see. I have no doubt the original dwellers here whitewashed the ground for acres around the domicile twice or thrice a year, till they learned its fatality."

—When there are any indications that the drinking water is in any manner contaminated by sewage water, a scientific writer directs us to place half a pint of water in a perfectly clear glass bottle, add a few grains of the best white sugar, and expose the bottle freely to the daylight in the window of a warm room. The liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water becomes turbid, it is open to grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remains clear, it is almost certainly safe.

—Count Swleykowski has arrived in New York. His name sounds like a disfigured, intercepted and demoralized sneeze.

Cure of Dyspepsia.

We know more than one instance where this distressing malady was cured by sending the patient to a diet solely of milk—two quarts in twenty-four hours. The milk should be from an perfectly healthy cow. When the stomach is restored to the normal condition, stale wheat bread or Graham and boiled rice or oatmeal mush may be added to the diet, also fresh beef in small quantities and fruit. When the patient is restored to health, if he will avoid pastry, cake, and confectionery, refrain from eating heartily just before retiring, and having found out under just what regimen he thrives the best stick to it, dyspepsia won't trouble him again. Questions of diet, exercise, clothing, and sleep are all important to those who would enjoy high health. To some persons pork is poison, and they should never touch it; some cannot eat oysters; some are sickened by the very smell of cheese. The most curious freak of nature in this line we ever heard of was the case of a lady who was thrown into convulsions by even the small quantity of cornmeal in the yeast cake with which the bread she ate was raised. Cases of this kind are comparatively rare, but it is every person's highest concern to observe and apprehend as far as he may the laws which govern him both physically and spiritually, and to obey them. Many a man will study with the utmost care the requirements of his choice stock as to diet and treatment, and never give a thought to developing the highest physical manhood in himself, as though a fine cow or a splendid horse were of more worth than a man. Well, they are than some men, but not than the possible man.—Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

Very True Love.

Among a party of Swedish immigrants arriving here yesterday morning was a comely young fellow about twenty years old, and a plump little lassie perhaps two years younger. Anybody could see that the young man was in love with the girl, and also discover that she was a great coquette. They walked up Third street arm-in-arm, up Larned, over on to Wood-bridge, and he almost loaded her with candy, figs, apples, and the like. Her mother, a well-to-do widow, gave both a tall old blessing as they got back to the depot; and as the young man in poor circumstances it is probable that she told him he could never call her his mother-in-law and get off abusive hits and tough jokes about her. At least it was something to make him feel very badly, for he went off down below the floor sheds and took off his coat, boots, and vest and looked into the river. He was observed by half a dozen men, who "snaked" him out in a hurry, and he was led back to his friends, who were all greatly excited over his conduct. The girl wept, the mother got her voice up to Wachtel's highest and then told him what she thought of such business, and some of the men threatened to hold her head under the pump. The young man is going to have his little lassie or else he's going to a world where there is no marrying or giving in marriage; and as he sat crying on a bench, with the river water trickling down his back from his wet hair, he didn't seem to care a cent which horn of the dilemma he took.—Detroit Free Press.

A Novel Express Shipment.

Yesterday afternoon Virg. Parker, agent of the American Express Company, forwarded one of the most valuable consignments that has ever been shipped out of Atchison. It being no more nor less than a lively, buxom boy of the tender age of six, destined for Bridgeport, Conn. His name was Asa Blair, at your service, who stepped around as lively as a sleeping-car conductor, and the little fellow seemed to think the idea of traveling two or three thousand miles in an express car was right to his hand. As any ordinary package, he was taken through the process of labeling, marking, billing, etc., and the red insignia shone out as plainly and distinctly as it does on a paste-board box. His father is to be on hand at Bridgeport to receive him, and barring any unavoidable railroad accident he will go through as safely as though his fond mother had him bound and fastened to her apron-string. On the train he will be carefully guarded, watered and fed, as his little wants demand, by the express messenger, and the best care be taken of him. At the end of one messenger's run he will be turned over to the other, and so on to the end of his journey, made a pet by all and feted and toasted clear through. He will have a jolly time, or we are fooled on express messenger stock.—Atchison (Ka.) Champion, Oct. 22.

The Profits of Beggary.

A curious case has recently occupied the attention of the St. Louis courts. In 1836, an Italian named Cadamarturi came to this country, bringing with him a wife and child, and settled in St. Louis, where he adopted the occupation of a beggar. The little girl did most of the begging, while the father invested the receipts. This part of the business he attended to with much shrewdness, speculating in auction goods, real estate, and so on, with the money she obtained. Becoming comparatively wealthy, Cadamarturi determined on a trip to Europe, and went off amply supplied with funds to enjoy himself in his native land. While he was gone the daughter begged as persistently as ever, and in the course of about five years accumulated \$12,000, which she deposited with the managers of the St. Louis University. Later Cadamarturi returned from his European tour, and learning of this deposit made haste to claim it for himself, making a draft on the University for the money. The managers refused to acknowledge the old mendicant's right to the funds, and thus the matter came into the courts. The daughter, who during the old man's absence had married one of her countrymen who was probably well aware of her invaluable qualities as a helpmeet, proved that Cadamarturi, when he first came to St. Louis had no means of livelihood except the proceeds of her begging. The case was decided in favor of the daughter.

—Tamberlik, whose musical success here has been complete, is not only one of the finest tenors living, combining lyric and dramatic power, but is a good landscape painter, very imaginative and poetical, and, above all, a gentleman by birth and association. In the higher dramatic operas he is said to be unequalled.

Supernatural Manifestations in Vermont—Ghostly Musicians.

[Correspondence N. Y. Sun.]

Rutland, Vt., Oct. 10.—A family of Eddy—Horatio, William and two sisters—in Chittenden, Vt., are starting the neighborhood for miles around by their wonderful spirit manifestations. Mr. J. C. Williams, of Danby, recently visited the family, and, with others, made a circle of sixteen around a table on which were a violin, guitar, tambourine, bells, and other musical instruments. The house had previously been thoroughly searched to ascertain whether there were any secret passages or trap-doors, but nothing was discovered to show the practice of deception or fraud. The doors leading into the circle room were sealed, and Horatio Eddy, who sat for the circle, was thoroughly tied and seated beside the table. The light was then extinguished, and immediately the musical instruments began to play, sometimes five or six of them at once. On lighting the lamp the medium was still firmly tied. The light was again extinguished, and in less time than it takes to tell, the medium's coat was taken off, and when the lamp was relighted the garment was found thrown over the head of one of the visitors. At another time a pan of water was placed on the table, and, while the instruments were being played by unseen hands, was found turned bottom upward and not a drop of water spilled. A gentleman in turning it back spilled half of the water. Afterward a duel was fought between two spirits claiming to be those of George Dix and Robert Kidd, the pirate. The swords could be heard clashing, and soon a heavy body fell, jarring the house, followed by groans and voices. This within three feet of where the spectators sat.

An old gentleman, who had come many miles to commune with the spirit of his daughter, sat in the medium's lap, and the spirit purporting to be his daughter came and spat him on the cheek, the spats being heard distinctly by all present, calling him "papa," and conversing in audible tones with him. The dark circle lasted but a short time, and at the conclusion the cord which bound the medium's arms was untied by some power, and came whizzing through the room a distance of some fifteen feet, and was thrown around the neck of Mr. Hilliard.

Next was held the light circle, for which William Eddy sat. He was tied and placed in the little dark bed-room, a room some six by twelve feet, and a blanket tacked up to the door, while the audience sat in the circle room, which was lighted. In order to preserve harmony in the circles, singing was engaged in, and in which all joined. Soon after the curtain was pushed back and the spirit of an Indian woman made her appearance. This is the spirit of Honto, as she is called, which frequently presents itself at these seances, and was recognized by those present. This spirit was dressed as an Indian woman. The next spirit purporting to be that of William White, the late editor of the Banner of Light. He was dressed in a nice suit of broadcloth, with white vest, and his features could be plainly seen. The next was the spirit of a young lady, dressed in white, and recognized by her friends who were present. And then the spirit of a little child, which no one recognized. No less than six different forms and differently dressed were presented, and seen distinctly by all present.

The attention of our many readers is called to the attractive advertisement of J. N. Harris & Co., advertising their great and valuable lung remedy, "Allen's Lung Balm." This Balm has been before the public for ten years. Notwithstanding this long period, it has never lost one whit of its popularity, or shown the least sign of becoming unpopular, but, on the contrary, the call for it has been constantly increasing and at no previous time has the demand been so great, or the quantity made been so large, as at this day. We earnestly recommend its trial by any one who may be afflicted with a cough or cold, and we warrant it to cure if directions are followed. It is sold by all our druggists.

It runs like a Prairie Fire!—Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters runs like a prairie fire. The fame of the Temperance Tonic, however, but poorly exemplified by this figure of speech; for a prairie fire runs only in one direction, whereas the reputation of the Bitters spreads towards all points of the compass. There is not a square mile of inhabited territory in the United States where this meritorious preparation is not appreciated. If any theoretical gentleman thinks he is prepared to show that there is "nothing in it," we advise him to go to the Prairie States, in the Mississippi Valley, to the deltas of the Southern rivers, to New England, in fact, anywhere within the limits of "Uncle Sam's real estate," and ventilate his views. By so doing he can raise a healthier and more general laugh than has ever yet shaken the sides of an intelligent people. Persons who have been cured can't help laughing at other people, who tell them that the medicine which saved their lives is a failure.

—Two boys threw potatoes at a passing train near Indianapolis. One of the missiles broke a window and hurt an old lady. The conductor stopped the train, backed up, captured the youthful culprits, and they are now in jail at Indianapolis.

The sea-son for coughs and colds is rapidly approaching, and every one should be prepared to check the first symptoms, as a cough contracted between now and Christmas frequently lasts all winter. There is no better remedy than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For all diseases of the throat and lungs it should be used internally and externally.

LUNG fever, common cold, catarrhal fever, and nasal discharge of a brownish color in horses, may be checked at once by a liberal use of Sakerian's Curative Condition Powder.

A STEPHENS' Cough that will not yield to ordinary remedies, may be thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectant, an efficacious medicine in Bronchial and Pulmonary Disorders.

MALARIA, or bad air, is the cause of every form of Fever and Ague. Shallenberger's Pills are an antidote to this poison, and cure instantly.

THE INDUSTRIAL AGE is an Anti-Monopoly newspaper, published weekly in Chicago, devoted to the interests of the Granges, Farmers' Clubs and Cheap Transportation Associations.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for November contains a collection of interesting and instructive matter. Especially interesting are the articles on "Sick Country Girls," "Diseases and its Treatment," "The Health of Children at School," "The Woman Doctor," "Illustrated," "The Two Jacks," "Diseased Liver and Spleen," "Calico," "Emergencies," "Seasonable Diseases," being a rich collection of seasonable receipts; "Malarial Fever," "Patients and Physicians," and the usual miscellany and answers to correspondents. Only \$2 a year, 20 cents a number. To new subscribers three months "on trial," for 25 cents. Agents wanted. Address S. H. Wells, Publisher, 383 Broadway, New York.

GODDY'S LADY'S BOOK.—This is one of the first of the November monthlies to make its appearance. Somewhere among the current paragraphs of the day it is stated that Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the Editress, is over eighty years old. To the readers of Goddy's this appears incredible. To them she is a woman blessed with perpetual youth, and her writings are as brilliant and sparkling as they were thirty years ago. The "press of her pen is seen all over the November number." "Carrying Weight," by Marion Harland, is continued; No. 4 of the "Polycarp Papers" is given, and the several departments are unusually full and interesting. Published by L. A. Goddy, Philadelphia, Pa., at \$1.00 per year; four copies \$3.00, and a chromo for each subscriber.

Thirty Years' Experience of an Old Nurse.

Mrs. WINKLER'S SOOTHING SYRUP is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the Best and Surest Remedy in the World in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None Genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & BROWN is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

Children Often Look Pale and Sick.

From no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly watery, and free from all coloring or other objectionable ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors, No. 215 Fulton street, New York.

Sold by Druggists and Chemists, and Dealers in Medicines, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX.

The Household Panacea and Family Liniment.

Is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Pain in the Stomach, Bowels or Side, Rheumatism in all its forms, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Cholera, Dysentery, Colds, Flesh Wounds, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Compressions, Sprains and Bruises, Chills and Fever, Cuts, Lacerations and External sores.

Its operation is not only to relieve the patient, but entirely remove the cause of the complaint. It penetrates and pervades the whole system, restoring healthy action to all its parts, and quickening the blood.

THE HOUSEHOLD PANACEA IS PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALI-HENING.

Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton street, New York.

For sale by all Druggists.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds.

A COUGH, COLD OR SORE THROAT Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, A PERMANENT THROAT AFFECTION, OR AN INCURABLE LUNG DISEASE is often the result.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, Having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For BRONCHITIS, ANTHRA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION AND THROAT DISEASES, TROCHES are used with always good success.

SEVERAL AND URGENT SPEAKERS Will send TROCHES used in clearing the voice when taken before Singing or Speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the worthless imitations that may be offered. Sold everywhere.

Good and Stated Family Medicine.—Send for a Free Leaflet containing full directions for the use of this valuable medicine, which will cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Stomachic Disorders, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of imitations.

PERFUMES CLOTHES RINGED.

THE MARKETS.

	NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1873.	
BEEF CATTLE—Native	\$ 9.00	12.00
HOGS—Dressed	5.00	6.00
SHEEP—Live	5.00	6.00
COTTON—Middling—New	15.00	15.00
FLOUR—Good to Choice	6.25	7.00
WHEAT—Spring No. 2	1.30	1.32
CORN—Western Mixed	.35	.35
OATS—Western, New	.40	.40
RYE—Western	.20	.20
PORK—New Mess.	11.50	15.00
LARD	6.75	7.75
COTTON—Middling	13.00	14.00
BEEF CATTLE—Choice	6.25	6.50
HOGS—Live	4.00	5.00
SHEEP—Good to Choice	2.00	3.75
FLOUR—White Winter Extra	7.00	8.00
Spring Extra	5.50	6.50
GRAIN—Wheat—Spring No. 1	1.00	1.07
No. 2	.98	1.00
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	.40	.41
OATS—No. 2	.32	.33
RYE—No. 2	.60	.65
HARLEY—No. 2, New	1.24	.60
PORK—New Mess.	13.25	15.50
LARD	6.75	6.85
WOOL—Tub Washed—Choice	40	40
Unwashed—Medium	25	28
BEEVES—Natives	4.50	6.00
HOGS—Live	2.00	3.00
SHEEP—Good to Choice	2.00	3.75
FLOUR—White Winter Extra	7.00	8.00
Spring Extra	5.50	6.50
GRAIN—Wheat—Spring No. 1	1.00	1.07
No. 2	.98	1.00
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	.40	.41
OATS—No. 2	.32	.33
RYE—No. 2	.60	.65
HARLEY—No. 2, New	1.24	.60
PORK—New Mess.	13.25	15.50
LARD	6.75	6.85
CINCINNATI		
FLOUR—Family	4.00	7.10
WHEAT—New Red	1.32	1.43
CORN—No. 2	.42	.43
OATS—No. 2	.33	.38
HARLEY—No. 2, New	1.40	1.44
PORK—New Mess.	12.75	13.00
LARD	6.75	6.75
NEW ORLEANS		
FLOUR—Choice and Family	8.25	9.70
OATS—Mixed	20	28
CORN—No. 2	4.00	4.35
HAT—Cyrine	20.00	27.00
PORK—Mess.	15.75	16.00
BACON—Sides	8	9
SUGAR—Fair to Good	27.00	29.00
MOLASSES—Common to Prime	67.00	70
COTTON—Middling	10	10.75